

LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

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LITCHFIELD, (CONN.) THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1835.

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Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY HENRY ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.
To companies of any number over six, \$1.50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1.75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these last prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.
No papers will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.
Notice of a wish to discontinue must be given before the expiration of a year.
Advertisements. One square, three insertions, \$1. Half a square, 75 cts. Continuance over three weeks 20 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1.00
Commissioners' Notices, 1.25
All communications must be post-paid.

ALBION CORN PLASTER.

THE Albion Corn Plaster softens the corn, however old and tough, and extracts it to the very roots. The relief afforded is gentle, immediate and thorough. The proprietor begs leave to submit the following cures, from Mr. Stowell, who is well known to the inhabitants of the city of Boston, especially at the south end, as a very worthy and respectable citizen.

A CASE.
Sir—I do not hesitate to give my most unqualified approbation in favor of your valuable Albion Corn Plaster. By the use of less than a box, Mrs. Stowell has been cured of a corn on each foot, which had been exceedingly troublesome and painful for years, and I think it but justice to your invaluable preparation to add, (for the encouragement of the various remedies resorted to, have finally despaired of a cure,) that your Plaster cured her corns after trying other highly recommended remedies to no purpose; and what increases my confidence in the superiority of your Plaster is the fact, that it has been used by several of my neighbors with equally good success.

(Signed) SETH STOWELL,
Keeper of the Toll House, South Boston.
Mr. T. Kidder, Proprietor of the Conway Medicines,
Boston, June 17th, 1831.
Price 50 cents.

Sore and Inflamed EYES.

THE studious, the weakly, and others, who are troubled with soreness or inflammation of that delicate organ, will be able to obtain a most pleasant and invaluable application.

Dumfries' EYE WATER!

This well established Wash for the Eye is perfectly innocent, and gives immediate relief, even in very aggravated cases of soreness and inflammation.
Price 25 cents.

THE TOOTH ACHE!

THIS agonizing disorder is cured in the most painful stages, by one of the most simple as well as powerful remedies known to modern practice. The

Cambrian Tooth Ache Pills
afford instant relief, without inflicting the slightest injury on the teeth. They are applied externally to the aching organ, with the greatest ease and expedition, and generally operate as a soothing lenitive to the suffering patient.
Price 50 cents a box.

DYSPEPSIA.

OF most obnoxious character, after having baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, and withstood the most highly recommended medical preparations, has been checked, relieved, and cured, in a number of instances in and about Boston, by using, for a short time

DR. RELF'S
Vegetable Specific, and Anti-bilious Pills,
as can be seen, according to the directions accompanying the Specific. It is also one of the best medicines known for Sick Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Nausea, and Flatulencies.

[None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY.—For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court-Street, near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by

Samuel Buel and J. G. Beckwith, Litchfield;
E. Cowles, South Farms; Daniel Norton,
Canaan; Judson & Whittlessey, N. Preston;
Isaac S. Wadsworth, Bethlem; Norton &
Henderson, Goshen.

Large discount to those who buy to sell again.
June 1. ly4w3

BLANK BOOKS.

ON HAND, or made to order, BLANK BOOKS of every description, viz:

Ledgers, Records,
Day Books, Memorandums,
Journals, Writing Books,
Waste Books, Portfolios, &c. &c.
All of which will be sold at a bargain, at the
Book and Variety Store of

Jan. 29. E. A. LORD.

WOOL.

THE Wolcottville Manufacturing Company will pay cash for 30 or 40,000 LBS. of WOOL on delivery.

JOHN HUNGERFORD, Agent.
Wolcottville, June 18.

Hats & Caps.

THE subscriber has just received from N. York an extensive assortment of

Men's & Boy's Cloth & Circassian Caps,
OF THE NEWEST FASHION.

Also, a splendid assortment of

Satin Beaver Hats,

of an entire new fabric, which he offers for sale at a small advance from cost.

Drab and Black Beaver HATS,

of the finest quality, will be made to order at the shortest notice.

HIRAM JACKSON.
Litchfield, March 12.

NOTICE.

THE Hon. Court of Probate for the District of Sharon has limited and allowed six months from this date for the creditors of the estate of ELMORE PECK,

late of Sharon, in said district, deceased, to exhibit their claims against said estate to the subscriber, executrix upon said estate. All claims not presented within said time will be deemed a recovery.

AJMA PECK, Executrix.
Sharon, Oct. 5, 1835.

THE TIME TO WOO.

Go, when the smile of gladness
Is sporting on her lip,
When love, despite of sadness,
The honey-dews will sip:
Go when the sun declineth,
To ocean's liquid blue—
Go when the pale moon shineth
On Emily and you.

Go, when the maid is hushing
The swelling of her heart—
Go, when the wind is blushing—
Go, when the tear-drops start—
Go, when the dove is cooing;
And yet, I dare not say,
But after all your wooing,
The answer may be NAY!

By His Excellency HENRY W. EDWARDS,
Governor of the State of Connecticut,
A PROCLAMATION.

The year has again revolved, and we, the spared monuments of the goodness and protecting care of our Heavenly Father, witness a return of that season which calls for a review and devout acknowledgment of our temporal and spiritual blessings. In accordance then with long established usage, I hereby appoint *Thursday the 28th of November next*, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving, Praise and Prayer to God; and I invite all the people of this State, on that day to assemble in their respective places of worship, with their Pastors and Religious Teachers, and devoutly and fervently render their homage of the manifestation of his goodness in extending to us the blessing of peace with foreign nations, and preserving us from domestic commotion. In causing the earth to bring forth its fruits, and the sea to yield up its treasures. In giving us health and preserving us from wasting and desolating sickness. In prospering our efforts for the amelioration of our temporal condition, and continuing to us our spiritual privileges. And above all in the gift of his gospel and the redemption therein revealed. And also to supplicate Him that he would enlighten our minds and guide our hearts in all those things which concern our future destiny. That in our efforts to render our condition as a nation and as individuals more conformable to his will and his—we may not with singleness of heart and purity of purpose, and be so guided and directed that good may be the result. That he would give us a spirit of meekness and forbearance, and cause us to regard the consequences of all our proceedings. That he would cause all in authority to be duly sensible of them, and of the responsibility under which they act; and to be influenced and guided in all their acts by sincere desire to promote his honor and glory, and the happiness of their fellow men. And finally that he would enable us so to live that, through the merits and intercession of our Mediator and Advocate, we may become the inheritors of life eternal.

Given under my hand and the seal of said State at New-Haven, this twentieth day of October, of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, and of the Independence of the United States the Sixtieth.

HENRY W. EDWARDS.
By His Excellency's Command,
ROYAL R. HINMAN, Secretary.

PARTY NAMES.

—A Rose, by any other NAME,
Would smell as sweet.

Perhaps there is no surer way to deceive and delude the unreflecting, than the adoption of a favorite name, or the affixing of an opprobrious epithet. Demagogues invariably resort to this artifice to accomplish their views. They take the name of *federalist* to evince their thing and every body, not in accordance with their views and schemes. So gross a delusion would not be swallowed, unless great pains were taken beforehand to impress the belief that this *federalist* was the blackest crime in the whole political catalogue of our country. Every body knows that when the name of such a man is mentioned, it is like the name of a scoundrel, and the party to which they belonged, maintained and carried out into practice the Constitution and its provisions—established the credit of the country and the honor of the Union. It is the foundation of our national system of its treasury—the foundation of our gallant navy, the happiness, the interests and the glory of the country. To hear our modern patriots talk, however, one would think these men lived in another country and these things were transacted in another age, and that *Federalism* was some strange, incomprehensible, mysterious affair, only to be expressed by such terms as *Black-Cockade*, *Hot-Cockade*, *Hot-Cockade*, &c. &c. We, at this day, who only hear and read of the old parties, and without attaching ourselves to either, can see much to praise and much to condemn in both, cannot but feel disgust when we witness the conduct of the brawlers to whom we have referred. In connection with their cases and the ignorance of many who talk on this subject without knowing even the meaning of the terms they employ, we have an anecdote in point related by Judge Gaston in his recent speech in the North Carolina Convention:—

A friend of mine with whom in early life I spent many pleasant hours, and whom the tide of emigration had carried to the west, was accustomed to relate an incident which had actually occurred to him as illustrative of the ignorance and prejudice of a portion of the people in relation to *Federalism*. He had represented one of the counties of this state for several years in the General Assembly, and after quitting public life, had occasion to pass through it on an election day. Stopping at a public house, he met with some old acquaintances, well-meaning but uninformed men, who soon entered into conversation on the subject of the business of the day. "Of course," said my friend, addressing himself to one of them, "you all go for Major A. here—you used to support him with tooth and nail, in old times." "Why, no sir," answered the good man, "we do not so much as mention his name as a candidate here." "And how has that happened? What has occasioned such a change?" "Why, ha! you heard, sir? Why, they say he's turned a *Federalist*!" "Turned a *Federalist*!" exclaimed my friend—"it is impossible! and pray what is a *Federalist*?" "I don't exactly know, sir, (he replied) but I allow it ain't a human!"—*Alexandria Herald*.

Elopement in high life.—Not long since, a gentleman in the confidence of the government, having also a wife and family, took a fancy to a widow of rather pleasant and interesting manners. The acquaintance ripened by degrees, till in a moment of abandonment, they both disappeared suddenly from the city, and have not yet been heard of.

The widow was a lady of some property, and lived in the western side, lower part of the city. She was gay, well educated, and mistress of many accomplishments. The gentleman was also a person of talent and consideration, and it is generally supposed among his acquaintances, that the affair must have been going on for a long time. Where the guilty pair have gone, is not known. It was supposed they went south, but no persons answering to their description could be traced. Philadelphia, where strict search has been made. The most probable opinion is, that they have made for Montreal, or gone out to Europe in some transient vessel. The next we hear of them will probably be from France or Italy.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Fire at Sing Sing.—On Wednesday evening, about 11 o'clock, the building heretofore occupied by the Mount Pleasant Female Seminary, was discovered to be on fire, and in the course of two hours was entirely consumed. The inhabitants of the village assembled with great promptness, but all exertions to save the building were unavailing. The greater part of the furniture was removed, though considerably damaged by hasty removal.

What makes a Needle Swim?—Take a tumbler, or any other small vessel of water, drop a sewing needle carefully on the surface of the fluid, and it will swim. Now as the specific gravity of steel is nearly eight times that of water, what prevents the needle from sinking?

At the late session of the Superior Court for New London county, held at the city of New London, several persons were tried for criminal offences, and found guilty; among whom were the following:—Jeremiah Stanup, for man-slaughter—sentence, State prison 8 years. Henry Holman, for counterfeiting—State prison 6 years. Olney Andrus, aiding a prisoner to escape from jail—State prison 2 years. Geo. W. Smith, horse stealing—State prison 2 years. Amos Grant, burglary—State prison 3 years.—*Norwich Aurora*.

Liberal Donation.—The National Intelligencer mentions that a Legacy of £200,000 sterling has been made to the United States, by an English gentleman, for the purpose of establishing a University at Washington, for the promotion of the arts and sciences. The money is now in the hands of the Lord Chancellor of England, ready to be paid over conformably to the will, which fact he has communicated to our Government, with a copy of the will. The money was bequeathed in the first instance to the only son of the testator, and in case of his death without heir, it was to go to the United States for the purpose above stated. That contingency, it appears, occurred. The gentleman made the bequest in consequence of his republican sentiments, and his love for the institutions of our country. It is probable the President will communicate the fact to Congress early next session.

Northampton, (Mass.) Oct. 14.—The old oil-mill in this town is to be converted into a silk-mill—this is as it should be, and much credit is due Mr. Whitmarsh for raising a company with a capital of \$100,000, to manufacture silk, which ought and will give employment to all the children in Hampshire county, not in factories but in the open fields, cultivating mulberry hedges, and feeding silk-worms. Now that we have lost the use of flax and flax-seed, the cultivation of which gave business to our whole population, both male and female, it is pleasant to anticipate a return to another branch of rural economy to make good the loss of that which has been so severely felt by agricultural people.

The young foreign noblemen, who were recently taken before the New-York Police for disorderly conduct in the street, have sailed for England.

Active Medicine.—A caricature has lately been got up in London on the Hygean or Vegetable Pills. A poor wretch is represented as having taken a dozen for the cure of the tooth-ache—but lying in the wet all night, the vegetable pills have sprouted out in various parts of his body. A great gooseberry tree has taken root on his head—leeks, onions and carrots have shot out from his fingers' ends—rickety beans are hanging down his back, and mustard cress over parts of his body—making him truly a pitiable sight.

A Tennessee paper says, that "Slavery will never be abolished in that State." One kind of slavery, we rejoice to know, is nearly abolished there already—the slavery of Jacksonism.—*Prentice*.

Fracas at Salem.—A serious altercation, we regret to see, took place on Wednesday in Salem between the consequence or anger charges against the conduct. Wilkinson then meeting Miller in Salem, struck him several times with a cane. They were both arrested and bound over. Miller received no serious injury.

The Globe says it is unfortunate to see the government of Pennsylvania pass into other hands. Very unfortunate; but it can't be helped. Similar misfortunes await the Kitchen Cabinet.—*Noah*.

Nice Ladies.—The nice old lady in Virginia, who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the kitchen, is but one among the many of the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady, in New-Jersey, who whitewashed all the wood she burnt; and another, in Connecticut, who used three times a day to scour the nose of her lap-dog, to keep him from soiling the dish out of which he ate his meals. The same good lady took her food through a napkin ring, to keep it from coming in contact with her lips.—*N. Y. Times*.

Harry Jarvis, a black man, living at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y. killed his wife a few days since, by beating her with a fire shovel. The villain is in jail.

A friend has sent us a lithographic picture of a monkey climbing a hickory tree. No explanation accompanies it, but we guess, from the contour of apple's face, that the droll little animal is intended as a representation of Martin Van Buren, aspiring to perch upon the summit of Old Hickory's popularity.

Autumn Scenery.—Our forest trees now present a most magnificent appearance. A few frosts have given to rich diversification of colors, which is so often the theme of remark with foreigners. And indeed, what in nature, or art can be more beautiful than their autumnal vesture? The rich, dark crimson of the soft maple, and sumach—the bright yellow of the chestnut, the variegated tints of the hard maple—from a lively red to a lemon shade, the perennial dark green of the pine species, and every imaginable hue of numberless trees and shrubs, are now contrasted with each other in our forests. We reiterate, what can be more beautiful than this autumnal glory? Or what more delightful than a stroll into the country to witness it?
Greenfield Gazette.

A small difference.—The New-York Courier and Enquirer and the American, differ in their views as to the object of Mr. Vail's visit to Paris. The difference is not, however, a wide one, the former insisting that it was *matrimony*, the other that it was a *matter of money*, terms that are sometimes synonymous.
Phil. Gaz.

True sphere of woman.—"It is the heart only," as Madame de Staël has said, "It is the heart only, which must serve woman, instead of instruction and experience; and it may render her worthy of feeling that, of which she is incapable of judging. She is, indeed, exalted by reflection, but weakness and sensibility must ever be the leading features of her character." Yes! this is the language of dispassionate truth. The empire of love and of sense is appropriated to woman; the ascendant of genius belongs to man. To acquire his love and esteem is the highest aim at which female ambition ought to soar; and there is no soundness of intellect, no brilliancy of imagination, that can otherwise create an abiding interest, or atone for hollowiness in the affections; let disorder—let disorder there must any where be—invade the head, and be it comparatively welcome; but let it never fix itself in the heart!

Secretary Cass, it is said, is to receive the appointment of Minister to England.

A Burglar Shot.—Such a daring burglary as the following we do not recollect to have heard of in a civilized community for many years. It took place in the parish of Chipstead, Surrey county, (Eng.) on the night of the 4th of September last, when the residence of two widow ladies, Mesdames Long and Schofield, was attacked by a gang of burglars. The ladies in their bed room invariably burnt a rushlight. Mrs. Long, looking through the window, saw a man elevate an immense stick, and make a blow at the window, which immediately smashed seven panes of glass and the window frame likewise; he then made three desperate blows at the window; the last time Mrs. Long caught hold of the foldstake and said, "Oh, you villain!" She wrestled with him for some moments, but he at last got the stake from her hand, and then aimed a desperate blow at her head, which it cut severely, and the blood flowed freely; the stake then descended and bruised her hand and cut it considerably.

Mrs. Long immediately ran and called her nephew, crying out that thieves were in the house. Captain Ranken took down his cutlass from the bedside, ran into the ladies' room, and made a cut at the thief, who, drawing back, descended the ladder.

Captain Ranken's fowling piece was below in the parlor, and Mrs. Long with great resolution descended the staircase and brought up the piece and ammunition; and the Capt. hearing the men talking under the window, fired in the direction of the robbers; this repulsed them for half an hour; in the mean time Captain Ranken reloaded his piece, and placed a double charge in it. At last the front house door was burst in, and the inmates still on stairs heard distinctly the door opened; the men then went into the two parlors and broke open the side-board, took out two bottles of wine, which it afterwards appeared they drank outside of the house; they then ransacked the drawers, and took off the sideboard four cruet stands, two pairs of snuffers and stands, plated, four pairs of silver plated candlesticks with silver edges, and the silver cruet tops, two eggstands silver edged and gold washed inside the cups, nine silver gift egg-spoons, and a rifle-green tunic, the property of Capt. Ranken. After the lapse of about half an hour, the inmates heard one fellow say, "Now, let us go up stairs." In answer to this, a second fellow replied, "If you will give us £50 we will go away, or otherwise we will murder you." About five minutes were occupied by the two ladies in imploring mercy of the robbers.

Captain Ranken now descended and took his position on the left of the staircase door, sheltered from the thieves' view by the bulkhead of the staircase. The ladies were imploring mercy of the robbers, when presently the ringleader said, "Now for it," and with his foot smashed in the lower pannels and styles, when Captain Ranken fell on his right knee, and thrust his piece through, to within three inches of the robber's right breast, and fired—the whole of the charge entered the fellow's right breast; he staggered, and fell into the arms of two of his comrades, who immediately decamped with their mortally wounded companion.

Upon descending in the morning they found a hat and handkerchief in the hall, and the stairs were marked with spots of blood; the gravel walk was in two places bloody, and the streaks of the wounded man's legs, where his legs had trailed along, as they bore him away.

EXAMINE YOUR FARMS.
Most farmers are shamefully, if not criminally ignorant of the resources of their farms, and the facilities they have to acquire competency and the comforts and conveniences of life. Many have lived half a century on farms which have been cultivated by their fathers and grandfathers—have worn themselves out with labor and fatigue in obtaining a miserable livelihood, and a mere living "from hand to mouth," and now, in their old age, are talking about abandoning their farms as worthless, and going to Illinois, Michigan, or some other fairy land, in the far famed west, to spend the rest of their lives in affluence and without labor. They have worn out themselves and their farms together, and discover no way of re-invigorating the one, or reclaiming the other. They will tell you that they have tried to raise corn on the same piece of land for twenty years, and cannot get more than ten bushels to the acre, which will not pay them for their labor and expense of cultivation—that their grass lands have "run out," and they have no means to manure them—that their pastures have become overrun with bushes and briars—and they cannot destroy them—and their buildings are going to decay, and they are unable to repair them, and, in short, that they are compelled to spend most of their time in cutting down young timber and carrying it to market to obtain bread stuffs for their families. Ask them if they have thoroughly explored their farms with a view to ascertain their capabilities and resources, and they will tell you they have—but they have endeavored to follow the track of their ancestors, and been extremely careful not to step out of

their foot-steps, lest they should be ruined by innovations and experiments.

Now what has been the result of their investigations and labors? Are they "well off," and in the enjoyment of good health and buoyant spirits, or are they "put to it," and suffering under the effects of broken-down constitutions—and afflicted with the rheumatism and tormented with the hypochondria? Such farmers must pardon us for asking them a few additional questions. Have you ever examined the "Frog Pond" on whose frozen surface you spent so many evenings in skating, when a school-boy, to see if it does not contain an inexhaustible quantity of decayed vegetables and alluvial deposits? Mud taken from ponds and other still waters is a valuable manure for dry, sandy, and gravelly soils. It has produced as good crops of corn as manure from the barnyard or stable. It is also an excellent ingredient in a compost heap.

Have you ever examined the "Little Brook," in whose rippling waters you used to angle with so much delight, to see if a portion of it cannot be diverted from its natural bed, and spread over that worn out grass land which does not yield you half a ton of daises to the acre? The grass crops of dry soils are astonishingly improved by irrigation, and every good farmer will avail himself of it as far as the situation of his farm will admit. Have you examined the "Quagmire Swamp," where for thirty years, you have sunk down to your hips in mud and water, when engaged in pulling out a kind of hay, the very sight of which frighten into fits all the women and children in the neighborhood, to see if it cannot be drained, and made to produce a good crop of English grass? Many swamps whose native products are worthless for forage, or even manure, are easily reclaimed by draining, and made to produce large crops of clover and timothy.

Have you ever examined the "Ledge," where the boys and girls used to hold their whortleberry parties, to see if it cannot be converted into as valuable a granite quarry as can be found in Quincy or Maine? Have you attempted to reclaim the "Old Side Hill," where your mother used to gather pennyroyal, and pick blackberries, by the application of plaster Paris and a rotation of crops—Have you attempted to drain the "Swamp," where you used to get your questions, but these ought to be sufficient to satisfy every farmer, who gives them a negative answer, that he is deplorably ignorant of the internal resources of his farm. We can point to multitudes of farms which would at this time be worth one hundred per cent. more had their owners been asleep during the last forty years—for in that event they would have been covered with valuable timber instead of being exhausted by an incessant and changeless course of cropping. But the farmer has worn out himself in wearing out his farm, and what can be done? The answer is at the head of this article—**EXAMINE YOUR FARMS.**
Silk Culturist.

Georgia Elections.—We ought to have received election returns from many counties from which we have not yet heard. With but two exceptions there has been a gain to the Anti-Van Buren ticket in every county from which we have heard. Another year will we are pretty certain, leave the little magicians in a hopeless minority in Georgia. We should not be at all surprised, if before the next October the Union party drop him to a man. If they are not heartily sick of him already, we know nothing of signs. So much for the caucus nomination.—*Augusta Sentinel*.

From the Connecticut Observer.

"THE DEUCE."—"Celebs in search of a wife," was compelled to take shelter from a shower, in a late predestrian excursion, under a hospitable roof in Connecticut. Here his attention was fixed upon one of the fairest daughters of New England, whose dress and manners were such as to correspond to her person. "If the soul and the mind proves as fair as their habitation," said he to himself, "why need I seek further?" At this moment the words "The Deuce" fell from her lips, and scattered his incipient air castle to the winds. "True, says he, L. is not aware that *The Deuce* is synonymous with *The Devil*; but that one word shows that she is more familiar with low life, and vulgar ideas than her appearance would indicate; it will be of no use to make any further inquiries in relation to her."

This incident is introduced for the moral it should convey. How often one ill-advised expression may change the whole future course of a person's life. And how many young men and young women allow themselves in the use of expressions, which, to say nothing of their estimation in the sight of God, can in no case be of any possible advantage; but which may, when little suspected degrade them in the opinion of persons whose esteem might have been of incalculable advantage. Perhaps Celebs in this case may have judged too hastily—but the habitual use of one such expression is not often a solitary failing; and like a rock, raising its head above the water, it seems to say to the cautious navigator, "stand off! Beware of the shoals you cannot see."

Celebs.